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Jos. M. Marsh's Book
1763

A N

E S S A Y

O N

M A N.

B Y

ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.

Enlarged and Improved by the AUTHOR.

With NOTES

By WILLIAM WARBERTON, M. A.

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A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

THE ESSAY ON MAN, to use the Author's own Words, is *a perfect System of Ethics*; in which Definition he included *Religion*: For he was far from that Opinion of the noble Writer of the *Characteristics*, that Morality could long support itself, or have even a real existence, without a reference to the Deity. Hence it is that the *first* Epistle regards Man with respect to the *Lord* and Governor of the universe; as the *second*, with respect to *himself*; the *third*, to *Society*; and the *fourth* to *Happiness*. Having therefore formed and finished his *Essay* in this View, he was much mortified whenever he found it considered in any other; or as a part and introduction only to a larger work. As appears from the conclusion of his second Dialogue, intitled 1738, where he makes his impertinent adviser say,

*Alas! alas! pray end what you began,
And write next winter, more Essays on Man.*

which, a MS. note of his thus explains, “ The Author undoubtedly meant this as a Sarcasm on the ignorance of those friends of his, who were daily pestering him for *more Essays on Man*, as not seeing that the four Epistles he had published entirely compleated that Subject.” But it must be owned that the Public, by the great and continued demand for his *Essay*, sufficiently freed itself from this imputation of wrong judgment. And how great and continued that demand has been, appears from the vast variety of pirated and imperfect Editions, continually obtruded on the world; ever since the first Publication of the Poem; and which no repeated prosecutions of the Offenders have been able totally to restrain.

THESE were the considerations which have now induced the Proprietor to give one perfect Edition of the *Essay on Man*, from Mr. *Pope's* last corrections and improvements; that the Public may from henceforth be supplied with this Poem alone, in a manner suitable to its dignity, and to the honest intention of its great Author.

CONCERNING the UNIVERSAL PRAYER, which concludes the *Essay*, it may be proper to observe that some passages in the *Essay* having been unjustly suspected of a tendency towards Fate and *Naturalism*, the Author composed that Prayer as the Sum of all, to shew that his System

was founded in Free-will and terminated in Piety: That the first Cause was as well the Lord and Governor as the Creator of the Universe; and that by Submission to his Will (the great principle inforced throughout the *Essay*) was not meant the suffering ourselves to be carried along with a blind determination; but a religious acquiescence, and confidence full of hope and immortality. To give all this the greater weight and reality, the Poet chose for his model the LORD'S PRAYER, which of all others best deserves the title prefixed to his paraphrase.

THE Reader will excuse my adding a word concerning the Frontispiece; which, as it was designed and drawn by Mr. *Pope* himself, would be a kind of curiosity, had not the excellence of the thought otherwise recommended it. We see it represents the Vanity of human Glory, in the false pursuits after Happiness: Where the ridicule, in the Curtain-cobweb, the Death's-head crown'd with laurel, and the several Inscriptions on the fastidious ruins of Rome, have all the force and beauty of one of his best wrote Satires: Nor is there less expression in the bearded-Philosopher sitting by a fountain running to waste, and blowing up bubbles with a straw, from a small portion of water taken out of it, in a dirty dish; admirably representing the vain business of School-Philosophy, that, with a little artificial logic, sits inventing airy arguments in support of false science, while the human Understanding at large is suffered to lie waste and uncultivated.



T O

The A U T H O R of the
E S S A Y O N M A N.

W H E N Love's * great Goddess, anxious for her Son,
Beheld him wand'ring on a Coast unknown,
A Huntress in the Wood she feign'd to stray,
To cheer his drooping Mind, and point his Way.
But Venus' Charms no borrow'd Form could hide;
He knew, and worship'd his CELESTIAL GUIDE.

Thus vainly, POPE, unseen You would dispense
Your glorious System of Benevolence;
And heav'nly-taught, explain the Angel's Song,
That Praise to God, and Peace to Men belong.
Conceal'd in vain, the Bard divine we know,
From whence such Truths could spring, such Lines could flow.
Applause, which justly so much worth pursues,
You only can DESERVE, or could REFUSE.

C.

* *Aeneid.* 1.



T O

The CONCEAL'D A U T H O R of the
E S S A Y O N M A N.

YES, Friend! thou art conceal'd; Conceal'd? but how?
Ever the Brightest, more Refulgent now,
By thy own Lustre hid! each nervous Line,
Each melting Verse, each Syllable is thine.
But such Philosophy, such Reason strong,
Has never yet adorn'd thy lofty'st song.

Do'st thou, Satyric, Vice and Folly brand,
Intent to purge the Town, the Court, the Land?
Is thy design to make men good and wise,
Exposing the deformity of Vice?
Do'st thou thy *Wit* at once and *Courage* show,
Strike hard, and bravely *vindicate* the blow?
Do'st thou delineate God, or trace out Man,
The vast Immensity, or mortal Span?
Thy Hand is known; nor needs thy Work a Name,
The Poem loudly must the Pen proclaim.
I see my Friend! O sacred Poet, hail!
The brightness of thy Face defeats the Veil.

Write thou, and let the World the Writing view,
The World will know and will pronounce it You.
Dark in thy Grove, or in thy Closet sit,
We see thy Wisdom, Harmony, and Wit;
Forth breaks the blaze astonishing our sight,
Enshrin'd in Clouds, we see, we see thee write.

So the sweet Warbler of the Spring, alone,
Sings darkling, but unseen her Note is known;
And so the Lark, inhabiting the skies,
Thrills unconceal'd, tho' wrapt from mortal eyes. J. R.

T O

The A U T H O R of the
E S S A Y O N M A N.

AS when some Student first with curious eye,
 Thro' Nature's wond'rous Frame attempts to pry;
 His doubtful Reason seeming Faults surpris'd,
 He asks if This be just, if That be wise?
 Storms, Tempests, Earthquakes, Virtue in Distress,
 And Vice unpunish'd, with strange Thoughts oppress:
 Till thinking on, unclouded by Degrees,
 His mind he opens, fair is all he sees,
 Storms, Tempests, Earthquakes, Virtue's ragged Plight,
 And Vice's Triumph, all are just and right:
 Beauty is found, and Order, and Design,
 And the whole Scheme acknowledg'd all divine.
 So when at first I view'd thy wond'rous plan,
 Leading thro' all the winding Maze of Man;
 Bewilder'd, weak, unable to pursue,
 My Pride would fain have laid the Fault on You.
 This false, That ill-exprest, this Thought not Good;
 And all was wrong which I mis-understood.
 But reading more attentive, soon I found
 The Diction nervous, and the Doctrine sound;
 Saw Man a Part of that stupendous Whole,
Whose Body Nature is, and God the Soul;
 Saw in the Scale of Things his middle State,
 And all his Pow'rs adapted just to That:
 Saw Reason, Passion, Weakness, how of Use,
 How all to Good, to Happiness conduce:
 Saw my own Weakness, thy superior Pow'r,
 And still the more I read, admire the more.

R. D.



T O

MR. P O P E,

By a L A D Y.

FATHER of Verse! indulge an artless Muse,
 Just to the Warmth thy envy'd Lays infuse.
 Rais'd by the Soul that breathes in ev'ry Line
 (My Phœbus thou, thy awful Works my Shrine!)
 Grateful I bow, thy mighty Genius own,
 And hail thee, seated on thy natal Throne.

Stung by thy Fame, tho' aided by thy Light,
 See Bards, till now unknown, essay to write:
 Rous'd by thy Heat unnumber'd Swarms arise,
 As Insects live beneath autumnal Skies:
 While Envy pines with unappeas'd Desire,
 And each mean breast betrays th'invidious Fire.

Yet thou, great Leader of the sacred Train,
 (Whose Parthian Shaft ne'er took its Flight in vain)
 Go on, like Juvenal, arraign the Age,
 Let wholesome Satire loose thro' ev'ry Page,
 Born for the Task, whom no mean Views inflame,
 Who lance to cure, and scourge but to reclaim.

Yet not on Satire all your Hours bestow;
 Oft from your Lyre let gentler Numbers flow;
 Such Strains as breath'd thro' Windsor's lov'd Retreats,
 " And call'd the Muses to their ancient Seats:
 Thy manly Force, and Genius unconfin'd,
 Shall mould to future Fame the growing Mind:

To ripen'd Souls more solid aids impart,
 And while you touch the Sense, correct the Heart:
 Yet tho' o'er all you shed diffusive Light,
 Base minds will envy still, and Scriblers write.

Thus the imperial Source of genial Heat
 Gilds the aspiring Dome, and mean Retreat;
 Bids Gems a Semblance of himself unfold,
 And warms the purer ductile Ore to Gold:
 Yet the same Heat assists each reptile Birth,
 And draws infectious Vapors from the Earth.

T O

The A U T H O R of the
 E S S A Y O N M A N.

By Mr. SOMERVILLE.

WAS ever Work to such Perfection wrought!
 How elegant the Diction! pure the Thought!
 Not sparingly adorn'd with scatter'd Rays,
 But one bright Beauty, one collected Blaze.
 So breaks the Day upon the Shades of Night,
 Enliv'ning all with one unbounded Light.

To humble Man's proud Heart thy great Design;
 But who can read this wond'rous Work Divine,
 So justly plan'd, and so politely writ,
 And not be proud, and boast of human Wit?

B

Yet

Yet just to Thee, and to thy Precepts true,
 Let us know Man, and give to God his Due;
 His Image we, but mix'd with coarse Alloy,
 Our Happiness, to love, adore, obey;
 To praise him for each gracious Boon bestow'd,
 For this thy Work, for ev'ry lesser Good,
 With prostrate Hearts before his Throne to fall,
 And own the great Creator All in All.

The Muse, which should instruct, now entertains,
 On trifling Subjects in enervate Strains;
 Be it thy Task to set the Wand'rer right,
 Point out her Way in her ærial Flight,
 Her noble Mein, her Honors lost restore,
 And bid her deeply think, and proudly soar.
 Thy Theme sublime, and easy Verse will prove
 Her high Descent, and Mission from above.

Let others now translate, thy abler Pen
 Shall vindicate the Ways of God to Men;
 In Virtue's Cause shall gloriously prevail,
 When the Bench frowns in vain, and Pulpits fail,
 Made wise by thee, whose happy Style conveys
 The purest Morals in the softest Lays.
 As Angels once, so now we Mortals bold
 Shall climb the Ladder *Jacob* view'd of old;
 Thy kind reforming Muse shall lead the Way,
 To the bright Regions of Eternal Day.





A N

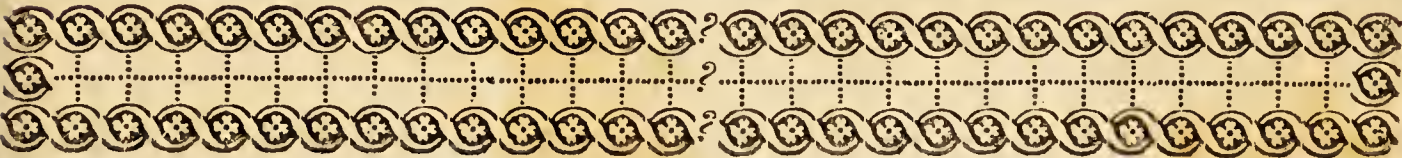
ESSAY ON MAN.

T O

HENRY ST. JOHN,

L. BOLINGBROKE.

Written in the Year M, DCC, XXXII.



T H E
D E S I G N.

HAVING proposed to write some Pieces on Human Life and Manners, such as (to use my Lord *Bacon's* expression) *come Home to Men's Business and Bosoms*, I thought it more satisfactory to begin with considering *Man* in the Abstract, his *Nature* and his *State*: Since, to prove any moral Duty, to enforce any moral Precept, or to examine the Perfection or Imperfection of any Creature whatsoever, it is necessary first to know what *condition* and *relation* it is placed in, and what is the proper *end* and *purpose* of its *Being*.

The Science of Human Nature is, like all other Sciences, reduced to a few, clear points: There are not many certain Truths in this World. It is therefore in the Anatomy of the Mind, as in that of the Body; more Good will accrue to mankind by attending to the large, open, and perceptible parts, than by studying too much such finer nerves and vessels as will for ever escape our observation. The *Disputes* are all upon these last, and I will venture to say, they have less sharpened the *Wits* than the *Hearts* of Men against each other, and have diminished the Practice, more than advanced the Theory of Morality. If I could flatter myself that this Essay has any Merit, it is in steering betwixt the Extremes of Doctrines seemingly opposite, in passing over Terms utterly unintelligible, and in forming, out of all, a *temperate* yet not *inconsistent*, and a *short* yet not *imperfect* System of *Ethics*.

This I might have done in Prose; but I chose Verse, and even Rhyme for two Reasons. The one will appear obvious; that principles, maxims, or precepts so written, both strike the reader more strongly at first, and are more easily retained by him afterwards. The other may seem odd, but is true; I found I could express them more shortly this way than in Prose itself; and nothing is more certain than that much of the *Force*, as well as *Grace* of Arguments or Instructions, depends on their *Conciseness*. I was unable to treat this part of my subject more in detail, without becoming dry and tedious: Or more *poetically*, without sacrificing Perspicuity to Ornament, without wandering from the Precision, or breaking the Chain of reasoning. If any man can unite all these without diminution of any of them, I freely confess he will compass a thing above my capacity.

What is now published, is only to be considered as a *general Map* of MAN, marking out no more than the *Greater Parts*, their *Extent*, their *Limits*, and their *Connection*, but leaving the particular to be more fully delineated in the Charts which are to follow. Consequently these Epistles in their progress (if I have health and leisure to make any progress) will become less dry, and more susceptible of poetical Ornament. I am here only opening the *Fountains*, and clearing the passage: To deduce the *Rivers*, to follow them in their *course*, and to observe their *effects*, may be a task more agreeable.



T H E
C O N T E N T S.

E P I S T L E, I.

Of the Nature and State of Man, with respect to the UNIVERSE.

OF *Man* in the abstract—That we can judge only with regard to our own system, being ignorant of the relations of systems and things, ver. 17, &c.

That *Man* is not to be deemed imperfect, but a Being suited to his place and rank in the creation, agreeable to the general Order of things, and conformable to Ends and Relations to him unknown, ver. 33, &c.

That it is partly upon his Ignorance of future events, and partly upon the Hope of a future state, that all his Happiness in the present depends, ver. 77, &c.

The pride of aiming at more knowledge, and pretending to more Perfection, the cause of *Man's* error and misery. The impiety of putting himself in the place of *God*; and judging of the fitness or unfitness, perfection or imperfection, justice or injustice of his dispensations, ver. 113, &c.

The absurdity of conceiving himself the final cause of the creation, or expecting that perfection in the moral world, which is not in the natural, ver. 131, &c.

The unreasonableness of his complaints against Providence, while, on the one hand, he demands the Perfections of the Angels, and, on the other, the bodily qualifications of the Brutes; though, to possess any of the sensitive faculties in a higher degree, would render him miserable, ver. 173, &c.

That throughout the whole visible world, an universal order and gradation in the sensual and mental faculties is observed, which causes a subordination of creature to creature, and of all creatures to *Man*. The gradations of sense, instinct, thought, reflection, reason; that Reason alone countervails all the other faculties, ver. 207.

How

How much farther this *order* and *subordination* of living creatures may extend, above and below us; were any part of which broken, not that part only, but the whole connected *creation* must be destroyed,

ver. 233.

The *extravagance*, *madness*, and *pride* of such a desire,

ver. 259.

The consequence of all, the *absolute submission* due to Providence, both as to our *present* and *future state*,

ver. 259, &c. to the end.



EPISTLE, II.

Of the Nature and State of Man, with respect to Himself, as an Individual.

THE business of Man not to pry into God, but to study *himself*.
His *Middle Nature*; his Powers and Frailties,

ver. 1, &c.

The Limits of his *Capacity*,

ver. 19, &c.

The two Principles of Man, *Self-love* and *Reason*, both necessary,

ver. 53, &c.

Self-love the stronger, and why,

ver. 67, &c.

Their end the same,

ver. 81, &c.

The *PASSIONS*, and their Use,

ver. 93, &c.

The *predominant Passion*, and its force,

ver. 131, to 160.

Its Necessity in directing Men to different purposes,

ver. 165, &c.

Its providential Use, in fixing our Principle, and ascertaining our *Virtue*,

ver. 175.

Virtue and *Vice* joined in our *mixed Nature*; the limits near, yet the things *separate* and *evident*: What is the office of Reason,

ver. 195, &c.

How odious *Vice* in itself, and how we deceive ourselves into it,

ver. 217, &c.

That, however, the *Ends* of *Providence* and *general Good* are answered in our *Passions* and *Imperfections*,

ver. 219, &c.

How usefully they are distributed to all *Orders of Men*,

ver. 241.

How useful they are to *Society*,

ver. 249.

And to the *Individuals*,

ver. 263.

In every *state*, and every *age* of life,

ver. 271, &c.





EPISTLE, III.

Of the Nature and State of Man with respect to Society.

THE whole Universe one system of Society,	ver. 7, &c.
Nothing made wholly for <i>itself</i> , nor yet wholly for <i>another</i> ,	ver. 27.
The happiness of <i>Animals</i> mutual,	ver. 49.
<i>Reason</i> or <i>Instinct</i> operate alike to the good of each Individual,	ver. 79.
<i>Reason</i> or <i>Instinct</i> operate also to Society, in all animals,	ver. 109.
How far <i>Society</i> carried by <i>Instinct</i> ,	ver. 115.
How much farther by <i>Reason</i> ,	ver. 131.
Of that which is called the <i>State of Nature</i> ,	ver. 147.
<i>Reason</i> instructed by <i>Instinct</i> in the Invention of <i>Arts</i> ,	ver. 170.
And in the Forms of <i>Society</i> ,	ver. 179.
Origin of Political Societies,	ver. 199.
Origin of Monarchy,	ver. 210.
Patriarchal government,	ver. 216.
Origin of true Religion and Government, from the same principle of Love,	ver. 135, &c.
Origin of Superstition and Tyranny, from the same Principle of Fear,	ver. 137, &c.
The Influence of Self-love operating to the <i>social</i> and <i>public</i> Good,	ver. 269.
Restoration of true Religion and Government on their first principle,	ver. 283.
Mixt Government,	ver. 289.
Various Forms of each, and the true end of all,	ver. 303, &c.



EPISTLE, IV.

Of the Nature and State of Man, with respect to Happiness.

FALSE Notions of Happiness, Philosophical and Popular, answered,	ver. 19 to 26.
It is the End of all Men, and attainable by all,	ver. 29.
God intends Happiness to be <i>equal</i> ; and to be so, must be <i>social</i> , since all particular Happiness depends on general, and since he governs by <i>general</i> and not <i>particular</i> Laws.	ver. 35.
	As

- As it is necessary for *Order*, and the peace and welfare of *Society*, that *external goods* should be *unequal*, Happiness is not made to consist in these, ver. 49.
- But, notwithstanding that inequality, the *balance* of Happiness among Mankind is kept even by Providence, by the two Passions of *Hope* and *Fear*, ver. 67.
- What the Happiness of *Individuals* is, as far as is consistent with the constitution of this World; and that the *good Man* has here the advantage, ver. 77.
- The error of imputing to *Virtue* what are only the calamities of *Nature*, or of *Fortune*, ver. 93.
- The folly of expecting that God should alter his general Laws in favor of particulars, ver. 121.
- That we are not judges who are good; but that whoever they are, they must be happiest, ver. 133, &c.
- That *external goods* are not the proper rewards, but often inconsistent with, or destructive of *Virtue*. ver. 169.
- That even these can make no Man happy without *Virtue*: Instanced in
Riches, ver. 185.
Honors, ver. 193.
Nobility, ver. 205.
Greatness, ver. 217.
Fame, ver. 237.
Superior Talents, ver. 259.
- With Pictures of human Infelicity in Men possess of them all, ver. 277, &c.
- That *Virtue* only constitutes a Happiness, whose object is *universal*, and whose prospect *eternal*, ver. 309, &c.
- That the *perfection* of *Virtue* and *Happiness* consists in a conformity to the ORDER of PROVIDENCE here, and a *Resignation* to it here and hereafter, ver. 327, &c.



A N
E S S A Y O N M A N.

In Four EPISTLES.

T O

H. ST. JOHN, L. BOLINGBROKE.

EPISTLE I.

Of the Nature and State of Man, with respect to the UNIVERSE.

A WAKE, my ST. JOHN! leave all meaner things
To low ambition, and the pride of Kings.
Let us (since Life can little more supply
Than just to look about us and to die)
Expatriate free o'er all this scene of Man;
A mighty maze! but not without a plan;

5

C

A

Epist. I. *The Opening of this poem is taken up in giving an account of the Subject, which, agreeably to the title, is an ESSAY ON MAN, or a Philosophical Enquiry into his Nature and End, his Passions and Pursuits. He then tells us with what design he wrote, viz.*

To vindicate the ways of God to Man. The Men he writes against, he frequently informs us, are such as weigh their opinion against providence (ver. 114) such as cry, if Man's unhappy, God's unjust, (ver. 118) or such as fall into the notion, that Vice and Virtue there is none at all, (Ep. ii. ver. 212.) This occasions the Poet to divide his vindica-

tion of the ways of God, into two parts. In the first of which he gives direct answers to those objections, which libertine Men, on a view of the disorders arising from the perversity of the human will, have intended against Providence; and in the second, he obviates all those objections by a true delineation of human Nature, or a general, but exact Map of Man. The first epistle is employed in the management of the first part of this dispute; and the three following in the management of the second. So that this whole book constitutes a complete Essay on Man, written for the best purposes to vindicate the ways of God;

A Wild, where weeds and flow'rs promiscuous shoot,
 Or Garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.
 Together let us beat this ample field,
 Try what the open, what the covert yield;
 The latent tracts, the giddy heights explore
 Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar;
 Eye Nature's walks, shoot Folly as it flies,
 And catch the Manners living as they rise;
 Laugh where we must, be candid where we can;
 But vindicate the ways of God to Man.

10

15

Say first, of God above, or Man below,
 What can we reason, but from what we know?
 Of Man what see we, but his station here,
 From which to reason, or to which refer?
 Thro' worlds unnumber'd tho' the God be known,
 'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.

20

He, who thro' vast immensity can pierce,
 See worlds on worlds compose one universe,
 Observe how system into system runs,
 What other planets circle other suns,
 What vary'd Being peoples ev'ry star,
 May tell why Heav'n has made us as we are.
 But of this frame the bearings, and the ties,
 The strong connections, nice dependencies,

25

30

Gradations

Ver. 7, 8. The Wild relates to the human Passions; productive (as he explains it in the second epistle) both of good and evil. The Garden, to human Reason, so often tempting us to transgress the bounds God has set to it, and wander in fruitless enquiries.

Ver. 12. Those who only follow the blind guidance of their Passions; or those who leave behind them all sense and reason, in their high flights through the regions of Metaphysics. Both which follies are exposed in the fourth epistle, where the popular and philosophical errors concerning Happiness are spoken of. The figure here is taken from animal life.

Ver. 15. Intimating that human

Follies are so strangely absurd and ridiculous, that it is not in the power of the most compassionate, on some occasions, to restrain their Mirth: And that human Crimes are so flagitious, that the most candid have seldom an opportunity, on this subject, to exercise their virtue.

Ver. 21. "Hunc cognoscimus solummodo per Proprietates suas et Attribute, et per sapientissimas et optimas rerum structurâs et causas finales." *Newtoni Princ. Schol. gen. sub fin.*

Ver. 23 to 42. A sublime description of the Omniscience of God, and the miserable Blindness and Presumption of Man.

Gradations just, has thy pervading soul
Look'd thro'? Or can a part contain the whole?

Is the great chain, that draws all to agree,
And drawn supports, upheld by God, or thee?
Presumptuous Man! the reason wouldst thou find,
Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind!

35

First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess,
Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less!

Ask of thy mother earth, why oaks are made
Taller or stonger than the weeds they shade?

40

Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
Why Jove's Satellites are less than Jove?

Of Systems possible, if 'tis confest,
That Wisdom infinite must form the best,

Where all must full or not coherent be,
And all that rises, rise in due degree;

45

Then, in the scale of reas'ning life, 'tis plain,
There must be, somewhere, such a rank as Man;

And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)
Is only this, if God has plac'd him wrong?

50

Respecting Man, whatever wrong we call,
May, must be right, as relative to all.

In human works, tho' labor'd on with pain,
A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain;

In God's, one single can its end produce;
Yet serves to second too some other use.

55

So Man, who here seems principal alone,
Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,

Touches some wheel, or verges to some Gaol;
'Tis but a part we see and not a whole.

60

When the proud Steed shall know why Man restrains
His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains;

When

Ver. 35 to 42. In these lines the poet has joined the highest beauty of argumentation to the sublimity of thought; where the simular instances, proposed for his adversaries examination, shew as well the absurdity of their complaint against order, as the fruitlessness of their enquiries into the arcana of the Godhead.

When the dull Ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Is now a victim, and now Egypt's God :
Then shall Man's pride and dulness comprehend,
His actions', passions', being's, use and end;
Why doing, suff'ring, check'd, impell'd; and why
This hour a slave, the next a deity.

65

Then say not Man's imperfect, Heav'n in fault;
Say rather, Man's as perfect as he ought;
His Knowledge measur'd to his state and place,
His time a moment, and a point his space.
If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
What matter soon or late, or here or there?
The blest to day is as completely so,
As who began a thousand years ago.

70

Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of fate,
All but the page prescrib'd, their present state,
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know;
Or who could suffer being here below?

75

80

The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.
Oh blindness to the future! kindly given,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by heav'n.
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

85

90

Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar;
Wait the great teacher Death, and God adore!
What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never Is, but always To be blest:

95

The

Ver. 64. Called Egypt's God, because the Apis was worshipped universally over the whole land.
Ver. 87. Matthew x. 29.

The soul, uneasy, and confin'd, from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His soul proud Science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk, or milky way;
Yet simple nature to his hope has giv'n,
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heav'n;
Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
Some happier island in the watry waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for Gold!
To Be, contents his natural desire,
He asks no Angel's Wing, no Seraph's fire;

100

105

110

But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.
Go, wiser thou! and in thy scale of sense
Weigh thy opinion against Providence;
Call imperfection what thou fancy'st such,
Say, here he gives too little, there too much;

115

Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
Yet cry, If Man's unhappy, God's unjust;
If Man alone ingross not Heav'n's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there:
Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Re-judge his justice, be the God of God!

120

In pride, in reas'ning pride, our error lies;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,
Men would be Angels, Angels would be Gods.
Aspiring to be Gods, if Angels fell,
Aspiring to be Angels, Men rebel;

125

And

Ver. 97. By the words from home, (an expression taken from the Platonic philosophy) it was the Poet's purpose to teach that the present life is only a state

of probation for another more suitable to the essence of the soul, and the free exercise of its qualities.

And who but wishes to invert the laws
Of ORDER, sins against th'Eternal Cause. 130

Ask for what end the heav'nly bodies shine,
Earth for whose use? Pride answers, "'Tis for mine:

" For me kind Nature wakes her genial pow'r,
" Suckles each herb, and spreads out ev'ry flow'r;

" Annual for me, the grape, the rose renew, 135
" The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew;

" For me, the mine a thousand treasures brings;

" For me, health gushes from a thousand springs;

" Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise;

" My footstool earth, my canopy the skies." 140

But errs not Nature from this gracious end,
From burning suns what livid deaths descend,
When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests sweep
Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep?

" No ('tis reply'd) the first Almighty Cause 145

" Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;

" Th'exceptions few, some change, since all began,

" And what created perfect?" ---- Why then Man?

If the great end be human Happiness,

Then nature deviates; and can Man do less? 150

As much that end a constant course requires
Of show'rs and sun-shine, as of Man's desires;

As much eternal springs and cloudless skies,

As Men for ever temp'rate, calm, and wise.

If plagues or earthquakes break not Heav'n's design, 155

Why then a Borgia, or a Cataline?

Who knows but he, whose hand the lightning forms,

Who heaves old Ocean, and who wings the storms,

Pours

Ver. 150. " While comets move in
" very eccentric orbs, in all manner of
" positions, blind Fate could never make
" all the planets move one and the same
" way in orbs eccentric; some inconfi-
" derable irregularities excepted, which
" may have risen from the mutual ac-
" tions of comets and planets upon one
" another, which will be apt to in-
" crease till this system wants reforma-
" tion." Sir Isaac Newton's Optics.
Quest. ult.

Pours fierce ambition in a Cæsar's mind,
 Or turns young Ammon loose to scourge mankind? 160
 From pride, from pride, our very reas'ning springs;
 Account for moral, as for nat'ral things:
 Why charge we Heav'n in those, in these acquit?
 In both, to reason right is to submit.

Better for Us, perhaps, it might appear, 165
 Were there all harmony, all virtue here;
 That never air or ocean felt the wind;
 That never passion discompos'd the mind;
 But ALL subsists by elemental strife;
 And passions are the elements of life. 170
 The gen'ral ORDER, since the whole began,
 Is kept in Nature, and is kept in Man.

What would this Man? Now upward will he soar,
 And little less than Angel, would be more;
 Now looking downwards, just as griev'd appears 175
 To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears.
 Made for his use all creatures if he call,
 Say what their use, had he the pow'rs of all?
 Nature to these, without profusion kind,
 The proper organs, proper pow'rs assign'd; 180
 Each seeming want compensated of course,
 Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force;
 All in exact proportion to the state;
 Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.

Each beast, each Insect, happy in its own; 185
 Is Heav'n unkind to Man, and Man alone?
 Shall he alone whom rational we call,
 Be pleas'd with nothing, if not blest'd with all?

The blis of Man (could pride that blessing find)
 Is not to act or think beyond mankind; 190
 No pow'rs of body or of soul to share,
 But what his nature and his state can bear. Why

Ver. 182. It is a certain axiom in their swiftness is lessened; or as they are the anatomy of creatures, that in proportion as they are formed for swiftness, their strength is abated.

Why has not Man a microscopic eye?
 For this plain reason, Man is not a Fly.
 Say what the use, were finer optics giv'n, 195
 T'inspect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n?
 Or touch, if, tremblingly alive all o'er,
 To smart and agonize at ev'ry pore?
 Or, quick effluvia darting thro' the brain,
 Die of a rose in aromatic pain, 200
 If nature thunder'd in his op'ning ears,
 And stun'd him with the musick of the spheres,
 How would he wish that Heav'n had left him still
 The whisp'ring Zephyr, and the purling rill?
 Who finds not Providence all good and wise, 205
 Alike in what it gives, and what denies?
 Far as Creation's ample range extends,
 The scale of sensual, mental pow'rs ascends:
 Mark how it mounts, to Man's imperial race,
 From the green myriads in the peopled grafs: 210
 What modes of fight betwixt each wide extreme,
 The mole's dim curtain, and the linx's beam:
 Of smell, the headlong lioness between,
 And hound sagacious on the tainted green:
 Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood, 215
 To that which warbles thro' the vernal wood:
 The spider's touch how exquisitely fine!
 Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:
 In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true,
 From pois'nous herbs extracts the healing dew: 220
 How Instinct varies in the grov'ling swine,
 Compar'd, half-reas'ning elephant, with thine.

'Twixt

Ver. 213. *The manner of the Lions in their fight, pursuing them by the ear, hunting their prey in the desarts of Africa and not by the nostril. It is probable is this: At their first going out in the the story of the jackal's hunting for the night-time they set up a loud roar, and the lion, was occasioned by observation of then listen to the noise made by the beasts this defect of scent in that terrible animal.*

'Twixt that and reason, what a nice barrier;
 For ever sep'rate, yet for ever near!
 Remembrance and Reflection how ally'd;
 225
 What thin partitions Sense from Thought divide:
 And Middle natures how they long to join,
 Yet never pass th' insuperable line!
 Without this just gradation, could they be
 Subjected these to those, or all to thee?
 230
 The pow'rs of all subdu'd by thee alone,
 Is not thy reason all these pow'rs in one?

See thro' the air, this ocean, and this earth,
 All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
 Above, how high progressive life may go!
 235
 Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
 Vast chain of being, which from God began,
 Natures æthereal, human, angel, man,
 Beast, bird, fish, insect! what no eye can see,
 No glass can reach! from Infinite to thee,
 240
 From thee to Nothing----On superior pow'rs
 Were we to press, inferior might on ours:
 Or in the full creation leave a void,
 Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroy'd:
 From Nature's chain whatever link you strike,
 245
 Tenth or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

And if each system in gradation roll,
 Alike essential to th' amazing whole;
 The least confusion but in one, not all
 That system only, but the whole must fall.
 250

D

Let

Ver. 224. Near, by the similitude of the operations; separate, by the immense difference in the nature of the powers.

Ver. 226. So thin, that the Atheistic philosophers, as Protagoras, held that thought was only sense: and from thence concluded, that every imagination or opinion of every man was true:

Πᾶσα φαντασία ἐστὶν ἀληθής.
 But the poet determines more philosophically, that they are really and essentially

different, how thin soever the Partition is by which they are divided.

Ver. 243. This is only an illustrating allusion to the Aristotelian doctrines of plenum and vacuum; the full and void here meant, relating not to Matter, but to Life.

Ver. 247. Alluding to the motion of the planetary bodies of each system, and to the figures described by that motion.

Let Earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
 Planets and Suns run lawless thro' the sky,
 Let ruling Angels from their spheres be hurl'd,
 Being on being wreck'd, and world on world,
 Heav'n's whole foundations to their centre nod,
 And Nature tremble to the throne of God:
 All this dread ORDER break----for whom? for thee?
 Vile worm!----oh Madness, Pride! Impiety!

255

What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,
 Or hand to toil, aspir'd to be the head?

260

What if the head, the eye, or ear repin'd
 To serve mere engines to the ruling Mind?

Just as absurd for any part to claim
 To be another, in this gen'ral frame:

Just as absurd, to mourn the tasks or pains,
 The great directing MIND of ALL ordains.

265

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
 Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;
 That chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the same,

Great in the earth, as in th' æthereal frame,

270

Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,

Glow's in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,

Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent,

Spreads undivided, operates unspent,

Breathes in our Soul, informs our mortal part;

275

As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;

As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,

As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns;

To

Ver. 251. *That is, being no longer kept within its orbit by the different directions of its progressive and attractive motions, which, like equal weights in a balance, keep it in an equilibrio.*

Ver. 253. *The poet throughout this poem, with great art uses an advantage, which his employing a Platonic principle for the foundation of his Essay had afforded him; and that is, the expressing himself (as here) in Platonic notions; which, luckily for his purpose,*

are highly poetical, at the same time that they add a grace to the uniformity of his reasoning.

Ver. 266. "*Veneramur autem et colimus ob dominium; Deus enim sine dominio, providentia, et causis finalibus. nihil aliud est quam FATUM et NATURA.*" Newtoni Princ. Schol. gen. sub fin.

Ver. 278. *Alluding to the name Seraphim, signifying burners.*

To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all. 280

Cease then, nor ORDER Imperfection name:
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point: This kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, Heav'n bestows on thee.
Submit.----In this, or any other sphere, 285
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear:
Safe in the Hand of one disposing Pow'r,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee;
All Chance, Direction, which thou canst not see; 290
All Discord, Harmony, not understood;
All partial Evil, universal Good:

D 2

And,

That the Reader may see in one view the Exactness of the Method as well as Force of the Argument, I shall here draw up a short synopsis of this Epistle. The poet begins by telling us his subject is an Essay on Man; That his end of writing is to vindicate Providence: That he intends to derive his arguments, from the visible things of God seen in this system: Lays down this proposition, as the foundation of his thesis, That of all possible systems infinite Wisdom has form'd the best: draws from thence two consequences, 1. That there must needs be somewhere such a creature as Man, 2. That the moral Evil which he is author of, is productive of the Good of the whole. This is his general thesis; from whence he forms this conclusion, That Man should rest submissive and content, and make the hopes of Futurity his Comfort: but not suffer this to be the occasion of PRIDE, which is the cause of all his impious complaints.

He proceeds to confirm his thesis.----- Previously endeavours to abate our

wonder at the phenomenon of moral Evil; shews, first, its use to the Perfection of the Universe, by Analogy, from the use of physical Evil in this particular system.---- Secondly, its use in this system, where it is turned, providentially, from its natural bias, to promote Virtue. Then goes on to vindicate Providence from the imputation of certain supposed natural evils; as he had before justified it for the permission of real moral Evil, in shewing that, though the atheist's complaint against providence be on pretence of real moral Evil, yet the true cause is his impatience under imaginary natural Evil; the issue of a depraved appetite for fantastical advantages, which, if obtained, would be useless or hurtful to Man, and deforming and destructive to the Universe, as breaking into that Order by which it is supported. ---- He describes that Order, Harmony, and close Connexion of the Parts; and, by shewing the intimate presence of God to his whole creation, gives a reason for an Universe so amazingly beautiful and perfect. From all this he deduces his general

And, spite of Pride, in erring Reason's spite,
One Truth is clear, " Whatever IS, IS RIGHT.

neral Conclusion, That Nature being neither a blind chain of Causes and Effects, nor yet the fortuitous result of wandering atoms, but the wonderful Art and Direction of an all-wise, all-good, and free Being: *Whatever*

IS, IS RIGHT, with regard to the disposition of God, and its ultimate Tendency, *which once granted, all complaints against Providence are at an end.*



Go, wond'rous creature! mount where Science guides,
 Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides; 20
 Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
 Correct old Time, and regulate the Sun;
 Go, soar with Plato to th' empyreal sphere,
 To the first good, first perfect, and first fair;
 Or tread the mazy round his follow'rs trod, 25
 And quitting sense call imitating God;
 As Eastern priests in giddy circles run,
 And turn their heads to imitate the Sun.
 Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule----
 Then drop into thyself, and be a fool! 30

Superior beings, when of late they saw
 A mortal Man unfold all Nature's law,
 Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape,
 And shew'd a NEWTON as we shew an Ape.

Could he, whose rules the rapid Comet bind,
 Describe or fix one movement of his Mind? 35
 Who saw its fires here rise, and there descend,
 Explain his own beginning, or his end?

Alas,

Ver. 20. Alluding to the noble and useful project of the modern Mathematicians, to measure a degree at the equator and the polar circle, in order to determine the true figure of the earth; of great importance to astronomy and navigation.

Ver. 22. This alludes to Sir Isaac Newton's Grecian Chronology, which he reformed on those two sublime conceptions, the difference between the reigns of kings, and the generations of men; and the position of the colures of the equinoxes and solstices at the time of the Argonautic expedition.

Ver. 29. 30. These two lines are a conclusion from all that had been said from v. 19. to this effect: "Go now, vain Man, elated with thy acquirements in real science, and imaginary intimacy with God; go, and run in to all the extravagancies I have exploded in the first epistle, where thou

"pretendest to teach Providence how to govern; then drop into the obscurities of thy own nature, and thereby manifest thy ignorance and folly."

Ver. 31. In these lines he speaks to this effect: "But to make you fully sensible of the difficulty of this study, I shall instance in the great Newton himself; whom when superior beings, not long since, saw capable of unfolding the whole law of Nature, they were in doubt whether the owner of such prodigious science should not be reckoned of their own order; just as men, when they see the surprising marks of Reason in an Ape, are almost tempted to rank him with their own kind. And yet this wondrous Man could go no farther in the knowledge of himself than the generality of his species."

Ver. 37. Sir Isaac Newton, in calculating the Velocity of a Comet's Motion,

Alas, what wonder! Man's superior part
 Uncheck'd may rise, and climb from art to art: 40
 But when his own great work is but begun,
 What Reason weaves, by Passion is undone.

Trace Science then, with Modesty thy guide;
 First strip off all her equipage of Pride,
 Deduct what is but Vanity, or Dress, 45
 Or Learning's Luxury, or Idleness;

Or tricks to shew the stretch of human brain,
 Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain:
 Expunge the whole, or lop th' excrescent parts
 Of all, our Vices have created Arts: 50

Then see how little the remaining sum,
 Which serv'd the past, and must the times to come!

Two Principles in human nature reign;
 Self-love, to urge, and Reason, to restrain;
 Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call, 55
 Each works its ends, to move or govern all:

And to their proper operation still,
 Ascribe all Good; to their improper, Ill.
 Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul;
 Reason's comparing balance rules the whole. 60

Man, but for that, no action could attend,
 And, but for this, were active to no end;
 Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot,
 To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot;
 Or, meteor-like, flame lawless thro' the void, 65
 Destroying others, by himself destroy'd.

Most strength the moving principle requires;
 Active its task, it prompts, impels, inspires.
 Sedate and quiet the comparing lies,
 Form'd but to check, delib'rate, and advise. 70

Self-

tion, and the course it describes, when very nearly approaching to parabolas. it becomes visible in its descent to, and In which he was greatly confirmed, in ascent from the sun, conjectured with observing between two Comets a coincidence in their perihelions, and a perfect agreement in their velocities. Comets revolve perpetually round the Sun, in ellipses vastly eccentrical, and

Self-love still stronger, as its object's nigh;
Reason's at distance, and in prospect lie:
That sees immediate good by present sense;
Reason, the future and the consequence.

Thicker than arguments, temptations throng,
At best more watchful this, but that more strong. 75

The action of the stronger to suspend
Reason still use, to Reason still attend:
Attention, habit and experience gains,
Each strengthens Reason, and Self-love restrains. 80

Let subtle schoolmen teach these friends to fight,
More studious to divide than to unite,
And Grace and Virtue, Sense and Reason split,
With all the rash dexterity of Wit:

Wits, just like fools, at war about a name,
Have full as oft no meaning, or the same. 85

Self-love and Reason to one end aspire,
Pain their aversion, Pleasure their desire:
But greedy That its object would devour,
This taste the honey, and not wound the flow'r:
Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,
Our greatest evil, or our greatest good. 90

Modes of Self-love the Passions we may call;
'Tis real good, or seeming, moves them all;
But since not every good we can divide,
And Reason bids us for our own provide; 95
Passions, tho' selfish, if their means be fair,
Lift under Reason, and deserve her care;
Those, that imparted court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take some Virtue's name. 100

In lazy Apathy let Stoics boast
Their Virtue fix'd; 'tis fix'd as in a frost,
Contracted all, retiring to the breast;
But strength of mind is exercise, not rest:
The rising tempest puts in act the soul,
Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole. 105

On

On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the card, but Passion is the gale;
Nor God alone in the still calm we find,
He mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind. 110

Passions, like Elements, tho' born to fight,
Yet, mix'd and soften'd, in his work unite:
These 'tis enough to temper and employ;
But what composes Man, can Man destroy?
Suffice that Reason keep to Nature's road, 115
Subject, compound them, follow her and God.

Love, Hope, and Joy, fair pleasure's smiling train,
Hate, Fear, and Grief, the family of pain;
These mix'd with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
Make and maintain the balance of the mind: 120
The lights and shades, whose well accorded strife
Gives all the strength and color of our life.

Pleasures are ever in our hands or eyes,
And when in act they cease, in prospect rise:
Present to grasp, and future still to find, 125
The whole employ of body and of mind.

All spread their charms; but charm not all alike;
On diff'rent senses diff'rent objects strike;
Hence diff'rent Passions more or less inflame,
As strong or weak, the organs of the frame; 130
And hence one master Passion in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.

E

As

Ver. 109. These words are only a simple affirmation in the poetic dress of a similitude, to this purpose: "Good is not only produced by the subdual of the Passions, but by the turbulent exercise of them." A truth conveyed under the most sublime imagery that poetry could conceive or paint. For the author is here only shewing the providential effects of the Passions, and how, by God's gracious disposition, they are turned away from their natural bias, to promote the happiness of Mankind.

As to the method in which they are to be treated by Man, in whom they are found, all that he contends for, in favor of them, is only this, that they should not be quite rooted up and destroyed, as the Stoics, and their followers in all religions, foolishly attempted. For the rest, he constantly repeats this advice:

The action of the stronger to suspend,
Reason still use, to Reason still attend;

As Man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
 Receives the lurking principle of death;
 The young disease, that must subdue at length,
 Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength: 135
 So, cast and mingled with his very frame,
 The Mind's disease, its ruling passion came;
 Each vital humor which should feed the whole,
 Soon flows to this, in body and in soul. 140

Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
 As the mind opens, and its functions spread,
 Imagination plies her dang'rous Art,
 And pours it all upon the peccant part.

Nature its mother, Habit is its nurse;
 Wit, Spirit, Faculties, but make it worse; 145
 Reason itself but gives it edge and pow'r;
 As Heav'n's blest beam turns vinegar more sour;
 We, wretched subjects tho' to lawful sway,
 In this weak queen, some fav'rite still obey. 150

Ah! if she lend not arms, as well as rules,
 What can she more than tell us we are fools?
 Teach us to mourn our Nature, not to mend,
 A sharp accuser, but a helpless friend!
 Or from a Judge turn pleader, to persuade 155
 The choice we make, or justify it made;
 Proud of an easy conquest all along,
 She but removes weak passions for the strong:

So,

Ver. 147. *The poet, in some other of his epistles, gives examples of the doctrine and precepts here delivered. This, in that Of the use of Riches, he has illustrated this truth in the character of Cotta:*

Old Cotta sham'd his fortune and his birth,

Yet was not Cotta void of wit or worth.

What tho' (the use of barb'rous spits forgot)

His kitchen vied in coolness with his grot?

Ver. 149. *St. Paul himself did not chuse to employ other arguments, when disposed to give us the highest idea of the usefulness of Christianity. Rom. vii. But, it may be, the poet finds a remedy in natural Religion: Far from it. He here leaves Reason unrelieved. What is this then, but an intimation that we ought to seek for a cure in that religion, which only dare profess to give it?*

So, when small humors gather to a gout,
The doctor fancies he has driv'n them out.

160

Yes, Nature's road must ever be prefer'd;
Reason is here no guide, but still a guard:

'Tis her's to rectify, not overthrow,
And treat this passion more as friend than foe:
A mightier Pow'r the strong direction sends,
And sev'ral Men impels to sev'ral ends.

165

Like varying winds, by other passions tost,
This drives them constant to a certain coast.

Let pow'r or knowledge, gold or glory, please,
Or (oft more strong than all) the love of ease;

170

Thro' life 'tis follow'd, ev'n at life's expence;
The merchant's toil, the sage's indolence,
The monk's humility, the hero's pride,
All, all alike, find reason on their side.

Th'Eternal Art educing good from ill,
Grafts on this passion our best principle:

175

'Tis thus the Mercury of Man is fix'd,
Strong grows the Virtue with his nature mix'd;
The dross cements what else were too refin'd,
And in one int'rest body acts with mind.

180

As fruits ungrateful to the planter's care
On savage stocks inserted learn to bear;

The

Ver. 163. *The meaning of this precept is, "That as the ruling Passion is implanted by Nature, it is Reason's office to regulate, and restrain, but not to overthrow it. To regulate the passion of Avarice, for instance, into a parsimonious dispensation of the public revenues; to direct the passion of love, whose object is worth and beauty."*

To the first good, first perfect, and first fair.

"τὸ καλὸν τ' ἀγαθόν, as his master Plato advises; and to restrain Spleen to a contempt and hatred of Vice."

Ver. 175. *The Author has through-*

out these Epistles, explained his Meaning to be, that Vice is, in its own nature, the greatest of evils; and produced thro' the abuse of Man's free will.

What makes all physical and moral ill?

There deviates Nature, and here wanders Will:

but that God in his infinite Goodness, deviously turns the natural bias of its malignity to the Advancement of human happiness. A doctrine very different from the Fable of the Bees, which impiously and foolishly supposes it to have that natural tendency.

The furest Virtues thus from Passions shoot,
 Wild Nature's vigor working at the root.
 What crops of wit and honesty appear 185
 From spleen, from obstinacy, hate, or fear!
 See anger, zeal and fortitude supply;
 Ev'n avarice, prudence, sloth, philosophy;
 Lust, thro' some certain strainers well refin'd,
 Is gentle love, and charms all womankind: 190
 Envy, to which th'ignoble mind's a slave,
 Is emulation in the learn'd or brave:
 Nor Virtue, male or female can we name,
 But what will grow on Pride, or grow on shame.
 Thus nature gives us (let it check our pride) 195
 The virtue nearest to our vice ally'd;
 Reason the bias turns to good from ill,
 And Nero reigns a Titus, if he will,
 The fiery soul abhorr'd in Catiline,
 In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine, 200
 The same ambition can destroy or save,
 And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.
 This light and darkness in our chaos join'd,
 What shall divide? The God within the mind.
 Extremes in nature, equal ends produce, 205
 In Man they join to some mysterious use;
 Tho' each by turns the other's bound invade,
 As, in some well-wrought picture, light and shade,
 And oft so mix, the diff'rence is too nice
 Where ends the Virtue, or begins the Vice. 210
 Fools! who from hence into the notion fall,
 That Vice or Virtue there is none at all.

If

Ver. 203. A platonic phrase for Conscience; and here employed with great judgment and propriety. For Conscience either signifies, speculatively, the judgment we pass on things upon whatever principles we chance to have; and then it is only Opinion, a very unable judge and divider. Or else it signifies,

practically, the application of the eternal rule of right (received by us as the law of God) to the regulation of our actions; and then it is properly Conscience, the God (or the law of God) within the mind, of power to divide the light from the darkness in this chaos of the passions.

If white and black blend, soften, or unite
 A thousand ways, is there no black or white?
 Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain;
 'Tis to mistake them, costs the time and pain. 215

Vice is a monster of so frightful mein,
 As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
 Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
 We first endure, then pity, then embrace. 220

But where th'Extreme of Vice, was ne'er agreed:
 Ask where's the North? At York, 'tis on the Tweed:
 In Scotland, at the Orcades; and there,
 At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where:
 No creature owns it in the first degree, 225
 But thinks his neighbour farther gone than he.
 Ev'n those who dwell beneath its very zone,
 Or never feel the rage, or never own;
 What happier natures shrink at with affright,
 The hard inhabitant contends is right. 230

Virtuous and vicious ev'ry Man must be,
 Few in th'extreme, but all in the degree;
 The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wise,
 And ev'n the best, by fits, what they despise.
 'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill, 235
 For, Vice or Virtue, Self directs it still;

Each individual seeks a sev'ral goal;
 But HEAV'N's great view is one, and that the Whole:
 That counter-works each folly and caprice;
 That disappoints th'effect of ev'ry vice: 240

That happy frailties to all ranks apply'd,
 Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,
 Fear to the statesman, rashness to the chief,
 To kings presumption, and to crouds belief.
 That Virtue's ends from vanity can raise, 245
 Which seeks no int'rest, no reward but praise;
 And build on wants, and on defects of mind,
 The joy, the peace, the glory of mankind.

Heav'n

Heav'n forming each on other to depend,
 A master, or a servant, or a friend,
 Bids each on other for assistance call,
 'Till one Man's weakness grows the strength of all.
 Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally
 The common int'rest or endear the tie :
 To these we owe true friendship, love sincere,
 Each home-felt joy that life inherits here :
 Yet from the same we learn, in its decline,
 Those joys, those loves, those int'rests to resign :
 Taught half by Reason, half by mere decay,
 To welcome death, and calmly pass away.

250

255

Whate'er the passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
 Not one will change his neighbour with himself.
 The Learn'd is happy nature to explore,
 The fool is happy that he knows no more ;
 The Rich is happy in the plenty giv'n,
 The poor contents him with the care of Heav'n,
 See the blind Beggar dance, the Cripple sing,
 The Sot a hero, Lunatic a king ;
 The starving Chemist in his golden views
 Supremely blest, the Poet in his muse.

260

265

See some strange comfort ev'ry state attend,
 And Pride bestow'd on all, a common friend ;
 See some fit Passion ev'ry age supply,
 Hope travels thro', nor quits us when we die.

270

Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law,
 Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw :

275

Some

Ver. 253. " To these frailties (says
 " he) we owe all the endearments of
 " private life, yet when we come to
 " that age, which generally disposes
 " Men to think more seriously of the true
 " value of things, and consequently of
 " their provision for a future state; the
 " consideration, that the grounds of these
 " joys, loves, and friendships, are
 " wants, frailties, and passions, proves
 " the best expedient to wean us from the
 " world; a disengagement so friendly
 " to that provision we are now making
 " for another." The observation is
 new, and would in any place be ex-
 tremely beautiful, but has here an infi-
 nite grace and propriety, as it so well
 confirms, by an instance of great moment,
 the general thesis, That God makes Ill;
 at every step, productive of Good.

Some livelier play-thing gives his youth delight,
 A little louder, but as empty quite :
 Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage ;
 And beads and pray'r-books are the toys of age : 280
 Pleas'd with this bauble still, as that before ;
 'Till tir'd he sleeps, and Life's poor play is o'er!

Mean-while Opinion gilds with varying rays
 Those painted clouds that beautify our days ;
 Each want of happiness by Hope supply'd, 285
 And each vacuity of sense by Pride :

These build as fast as Knowledge can destroy ;
 In folly's cup still laughs the bubble, Joy ;
 One prospect lost, another still we gain ;
 And not a vanity is giv'n in vain ; 290

Ev'n mean Self-love becomes, by force divine,
 The scale to measure others wants by thine.
 See! and confess, one comfort still must rise,
 'Tis this, Tho' Man's a fool, yet GOD IS WISE.

Ver. 280. *A Satire on what the Papists call the Opus Opratum.*

Ver. 292. *See farther of the Use of the Principle in Man. Epist. III. Ver. 121, 224, 134, 144, 199, &c. 269, &c. and Epist. IV. Ver. 356, 366.*



E P I S T L E III.

Of the Nature and State of Man, with respect to Society.

HERE then we rest: "The Universal Cause
"Acts to one end, but acts by various laws."
In all the madness of superfluous Health,
The trim of Pride, the Impudence of Wealth,
Let this great truth be present night and day;
But most be present, if we preach or pray.

Look round our World, behold the chain of Love
Combining all below and all above.

See plastic Nature working to this end,
The single atoms each to other tend,
Attract, attracted to, the next in place
Form'd and impell'd its neighbour to embrace.

See Matter next, with various life endu'd,
Press to one centre still, the gen'ral Good,
See dying vegetables life sustain,
See life dissolving vegetate again:

All forms that perish other forms supply,
(By turns we catch the vital breath, and die)
Like bubbles on the sea of Matter born,
They rise, they break, and to that sea return,

Nothing

Epist. III. In explaining the origin, use, and end of the Passions, in the second epistle, it having been shown that Man has social as well as selfish passions, that doctrine naturally introduceth the third, which treats of Man as a SOCIAL animal; and connects it with the second, which considered him as an INDIVIDUAL.

Ver. 12. Form'd and impell'd are

not words of a loose, undistinguishable meaning, thrown in to fill up the Verse. This is not our author's way; they are full of sense, and of the most philosophical precision. For to make Matter so co-here as to fit it for the uses intended by its Creator, a proper configuration of its insensible parts is as necessary as that quality so equally and universally conferred upon it called Attraction.

Nothing is foreign: Parts relate to whole;
 One all-extending, all-preserving soul
 Connects each being, greatest with the least;
 Made beast in aid of Man, and Man of Beast;
 All serv'd, all serving! nothing stands alone;
 The chain holds on, and, where it ends, unknown.

25

Has God, thou fool! work'd solely for thy good,
 Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food?

Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
 For him as kindly spread the flow'ry lawn.

30

Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings?

Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings:

Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?

Loves of his own and raptures swell the note:

The bounding steed you pompously bestride,
 Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride:

35

Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain?

The birds of heav'n shall vindicate their grain:

Thine the full harvest of the golden year?

Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer:

40

The hog, that ploughs not nor obeys thy call,

Lives on the labors of this Lord of all.

Know, Nature's children all divide her care;
 The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.

While Man exclaims, "See all things for my use!"

45

"See man for mine!" replies a pamper'd goose;

And just as short of Reason he must fall,

Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

Grant that the pow'rful still the weak controul,

Be Man the Wit, and Tyrant of the whole:

50

F

Nature

Ver. 22. Which, in the language of
 Sir Isaac Newton, is, "Deus omni-
 præsens est, non per virtutem solam,
 sed etiam per substantiam: Nam
 virtus sine substantia subsistere non
 potest." *Newt. Prin. schol. gen. sub.*
fn.

Ver. 23. As acting more strongly and
 immediately in beasts, whose instinct is
 plainly an external reason; which made
 an old schoolman say, with great ele-
 gance, Deus est anima brutorum;
 In this 'tis God directs.---

Nature that Tyrant checks; he only knows,
 And helps, another creature's wants and woes.
 Say, will the falcon, stooping from above,
 Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove?
 Admires the jay the insect's gilded wings?

55

Or hears the hawk when Philomela sings?
 Man cares for all: To birds he gives his woods,
 To beasts his pastures, and to fish his floods;
 For some his Int'rest prompts him to provide,
 For more his pleasure, yet for more his pride:
 All feed on one vain Patron, and enjoy
 Th'extensive blessing of his luxury.

60

That very life his learned hunger craves,
 He saves from famine, from the savage saves:
 Nay, feasts the animal he dooms his feast,
 And, 'til he ends the being, makes it blest;
 Which sees no more the stroke, or feels the pain,
 Than favor'd Man by touch etherial slain.

65

The creature had his feast of life before;
 Thou too must perish, when thy feast is o'er!

70

To each unthinking being, Heav'n a friend,
 Gives not the useless knowledge of its end;
 To Man imparts it; but with such a view
 As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too:
 The hour conceal'd, and so remote the fear,
 Death still draws nearer, never seeming near.
 Great standing miracle! that Heav'n assign'd
 Its only thinking thing this turn of mind.

75

Whether with Reason, or with Instinct blest,
 Know, all enjoy that pow'r which suits them best;
 To blis alike by that direction tend,
 And find the means proportion'd to their end.
 Say, where full Instinct is th'unerring guide,
 What Pope or Council can they need beside?

80

Say,

*Ver. 68. Several of the ancients and sacred persons, and the particular fa-
 many of the Orientals since, esteemed worites of Heaven.
 those who were struck by lightning as*

Reason however able, cool at best, 85
 Cares not for service, or but serves when prest,
 Stays 'til we call, and then not often near;
 But honest Instinct comes a volunteer;
 Sure never to o'er-shoot, but just to hit,
 While still too wide or short is human Wit; 90
 Sure by quick Nature happiness to gain,
 Which heavier Reason labors at in vain.
 This too serves always, Reason never long;
 One must go right, the other may go wrong.
 See then the acting and comparing pow'rs, 95
 One in their nature, which are two in ours,
 And Reason raise o'er Instinct as you can,
 In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis Man.

Who taught the nations of the field and wood
 To shun their poison, and to chuse their food? 100
 Prescient, the tides or tempests to withstand,
 Build on the wave, or arch beneath the sand?
 Who made the spider parallels design,
 Sure as De-moivre, without rule or line?
 Who bid the stork, Columbus-like, explore 105
 Heav'ns not his own, and worlds unknown before?
 Who calls the council, states the certain day,
 Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?

God, in the nature of each being, founds
 Its proper blifs, and sets its proper bounds: 110
 But as he fram'd a Whole, the Whole to bless,
 On mutual Wants built mutual Happiness:
 So from the first eternal ORDER ran,
 And creature link'd to creature, man to man.
 Whate'er of life all-quick'ning æther keeps 115
 Or breathes thro' air, or shoots beneath the deeps,
 Or pours profuse on earth; one nature feeds
 The vital flame, and swells the genial seeds.

Not

Ver. 104. De-moivre, an eminent Mathematician.

Not Man alone, but all that roam the wood,
 Or wing the sky, or roll along the flood, 120
 Each loves itself, but not itself alone,
 Each sex desires alike, 'til two are one.
 Nor ends the pleasure with the fierce embrace;
 They love themselves, a third time, in their race.
 Thus beast and bird their common charge attend, 125
 The mothers nurse it, and the fires defend;
 The young dismiss'd to wander earth or air;
 There stops the Instinct, and there ends the care;
 The link dissolves, each seeks a fresh embrace,
 Another love succeeds another race. 130
 A longer care Man's helpless kind demands;
 That longer care contracts more lasting bands:
 Reflection, Reason, still the ties improve,
 At once extend the Int'rest and the love;
 With choice we fix, with sympathy we burn; 135
 Each Virtue in each Passion takes its turn;
 And still new needs, new helps, new habits rise,
 That graft benevolence on charities.
 Still as one brood, and as another rose,
 These nat'ral love maintain'd, habitual those: 140
 The last, scarce ripen'd into perfect Man,
 Saw helpless him from whom their life began:
 Mem'ry and fore-cast just returns engage,
 That pointed back to youth, this on to age;
 While pleasure, gratitude, and hope, combin'd, 145
 Still spread the int'rest, and preserv'd the kind.
 Nor think, in NATURE'S STATE they blindly trod;
 The state of Nature was the reign of God:
 Self-love and Social at her birth began,
 Union the bond of all things, and of Man. 150
 Pride then was not; nor Arts, that Pride to aid:
 Man walk'd with beast, joint tenant of the shade;
 The same his table, and the same his bed;
 No murder cloath'd him, and no murder fed.

In the same temple, the resounding wood,
 All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God:
 The shrine with gore unstain'd, with gold undrest,
 Unbrib'd, unbloody, stood the blameless priest:
 Heav'n's attribute was Universal Care,
 And Man's prerogative to rule, but spare. 155
 Ah! how unlike the man of times to come!
 Of half that live the butcher and the tomb;
 Who, foe to Nature, hears the gen'ral groan,
 Murders their species, and betrays his own.
 But just disease to luxury succeeds, 160
 And ev'ry death it's own avenger breeds;
 The Fury-passions from that blood began,
 And turn'd on Man a fiercer savage, Man.
 See him from Nature rising slow to Art!
 To copy Instinct then was Reason's part; 170
 Thus then to Man the voice of Nature spake-----
 "Go, from the Creatures thy instructions take:
 "Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield;
 "Learn from the beasts the physick of the field;
 "Thy arts of building from the bee receive; 175
 "Learn of the mole to plow, the worm to weave;
 "Learn of the little Nautilus to sail,
 "Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
 "Here

Ver. 153. i. e. The state described from Ver. 241 to 268, was not yet arrived. For then, when Superstition became so extreme as to bribe the Gods with human sacrifices (see Ver. 266) Tyranny became necessitated to bribe the priest for a favorable answer:

And play'd the God an engine on his foe.

Ver. 173. It is a common practice among navigators, when thrown upon a desert coast, and in want of refreshments, to observe what fruits have been touched by the birds, and to venture on those without further scruple.

Ver. 174. See Pliny's N. E. l. viii.

c. 27. where several instances are given of animals discovering the medicinal efficacy of herbs, by their own use of them, and pointing on to some operations in physick by their own practice.

Ver. 177. Oppian. Halicut. lib. 1. describes this fish in the following manner: "They swim on the surface of the sea, on the back of their shells, which exactly resemble the hulk of a ship; they raise two feet like masts, and extend a membrane between, which serves as a sail; the other two feet they employ as oars at the side. They are usually seen in the Mediterranean."
 "near."

“ Here too all forms of social union find,
 “ And hence let Reason, late, instruct Mankind : 180
 “ Here subterranean works and cities see;
 “ There towns ærial on the waving tree.
 “ Learn each small People’s genius, policies,
 “ The Ant’s republic, and the realm of Bees;
 “ How those in common all their wealth bestow, 185
 “ And Anarchy without confusion know;
 “ And these for ever, tho’ a Monarch reign
 “ Their sep’rate cells and properties maintain.
 “ Mark what unvary’d laws preserve each state,
 “ Laws wise as Nature, and as fix’d as Fate. 190
 “ In vain thy Reason finer webs shall draw,
 “ Entangle Justice in her net of Law,
 “ And right too rigid, harden into wrong;
 “ Still for the strong too weak, the weak too strong.
 “ Yet go! and thus o’er all the creatures sway, 195
 “ Thus let the wiser make the rest obey,
 “ And for those Arts mere Instinct could afford,
 “ Be crown’d as Monarchs, or as Gods ador’d.”
 Great Nature spokè; observant Men obey’d;
 Cities were built, Societies were made : 200
 Here rose one little state; another near
 Grew by like means, and join’d, thro’ love or fear.
 Did here the trees with ruddier burdens bend,
 And there the streams in purer rills descend?
 What War could ravish, Commerce could bestow, 205
 And he return’d a friend, who came a foe.
 Converse and Love mankind might strongly draw,
 When Love was Liberty, and Nature Law.
 Thus States were form’d; the name of King unknown,
 ’Til common int’reſt plac’d the ſway in one. 210
 ’Twas VIRTUE ONLY (or in arts or arms,
 Diffuſing bleſſings, or averting harms) The

Ver. 208. i. e. When men had no love which each maſter of a family had
 need to guard their native liberty from for thoſe under his care being their beſt
 their governors by civil paſſions; the ſecurity.

The same which in a Sire the Sons obey'd,
A Prince the father of a People made.

'Til then, by Nature crown'd, each Patriarch fate,
King, priest, and parent of his growing state; 216
On him, their second Providence, they hung,
Their law his eye, their oracle his tongue.

He from the wond'ring furrow call'd the food,
Taught to command the fire, controul the flood, 220
Draw forth the monsters of th' abyfs profound,
Or fetch th' aerial eagle to the ground.

'Til drooping, sick'ning, dying, they began
Whom they rever'd as God to mourn as Man:
Then, looking up from fire to fire, explor'd 225
One great first father, and that first ador'd.

Or plain tradition that this All begun,
Convey'd unbroken faith from fire to son,
The worker from the work distinct was known,
And simple Reason never sought but one: 230

Ere Wit oblique had broke that steddy light,
Man, like his Maker, saw that all was right,
To Virtue, in the paths of Pleasure, trod,
And own'd a Father when he own'd a God.

LOVE all the faith, and all th'allegiance then; 235
For Nature knew no right divine in Men,
No ill could fear in God; and understood
A sov'reign being but a sov'reign good.

True faith, true policy, united ran,
That was but love of God, and this of Man. 240

Who first taught souls enslav'd, and realms undone,
Th'enormous faith of many made for one; That

Ver. 219. i. e. He subdued the intractability of all the four elements, and made them subservient to the use of Man.

Ver. 225. The poet here makes their more serious attention to Religion to have arisen, not from their gratitude amidst abundance, but from their helplessness in distress; by shewing that during the former state they rested in second causes,

the immediate authors of their blessing, whom they revered as God: But that in the other they reasoned up to the First: Then looking up from fire to fire, &c. This, I am afraid, is but too true representation of human nature.

Ver. 231. A beautiful allusion to the effects of the prismatic glass on the rays of light.

That proud exception to all Nature's laws,
 T'invert the world, and counter-work its Cause?
 Force first made Conquest, and that conquest, Law; 145
 'Til Superstition taught the tyrant awe,
 Then shar'd the Tyranny, then lent it aid,
 And Gods of Conqu'rors, Slaves of Subjects made:
 She, 'midst the light'ning's blaze, and thunder's found,
 When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the ground,
 She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray, 250
 To pow'r unseen, and mightier far than they:
 She, from the rending earth, and bursting skies,
 Saw Gods descend, and fiends infernal rise:
 Here fix'd the dreadful, there the blest abodes; 255
 Fear made her Devils, and weak Hope her Gods;
 Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
 Whose attributes were Rage, Revenge, or Lust;
 Such as the souls of cowards might conceive,
 And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe. 260
 Zeal then, not charity, became the guide,
 And hell was built on spite, and heav'n on pride.
 Then sacred seem'd th'ætherial vault no more;
 Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore:
 Then first the Flamen tasted living food; 265
 Next his grim Idol smear'd with human blood;
 With Heav'n's own thunders shook the world below,
 And play'd the God an engine on his foe.
 So drives Self-love, thro' just and thro' unjust,
 To one Man's pow'r, ambition, lucre, lust: 270
 The same Self-love, in all, becomes the cause
 Of what restrains him, Government and Laws.
 For, what one likes, if others like as well,
 What serves one will, if many wills rebel?
 How shall he keep, what, sleeping or awake, 275
 A weaker may surprize, a stronger take?

His

Ver. 262. This might very well be content to go to Heaven without being
 said of those times, when no one was received there on the footing of a God.

His safety must his liberty restrain :

All join to guard what each desires to gain.

Forc'd into virtue thus by Self-defence,

Ev'n Kings learn'd justice and benevolence :

280

Self-love forsook the path it first pursu'd,

And found the private in the public good.

'Twas then, the studious head or gen'rous mind,

Follow'r of God or friend to human kind,

Poet or Patriot, rose but to restore

285

The faith and Moral, Nature gave before ;

Re-lum'd her ancient light, not kindled new ;

If not God's image, yet his shadow drew :

Taught Pow'r's due use to People and to Kings,

Taught nor to slack, nor strain its tender strings,

290

The less, or greater, set so justly true,

That touching one, must strike the other too ;

'Til jarring int'rests of themselves create

Th'according musick of a well mix'd State.

Such is the World's great harmony, that springs

295

From Order, Union, full Consent of things !

Where small and great, where weak and mighty, made

To serve, not suffer, strengthen, not invade,

More pow'rful each as needful to the rest,

And, in proportion as it blesses, blest,

300

Draw to one point, and to one centre bring

Beast, Man, or Angel, Servant, Lord, or King.

For Forms of Government let fools contest ;

Whate'er is best administer'd is best :

For Modes of Faith let graceless zealots fight ;

305

His can't be wrong whose life is in the right :

In

G

Ver. 283. The poet seems here to mean the polite and flourishing age of Greece and those benefactors to Mankind, which he had principally in view, were Socrates and Aristotle, who, of all the pagan world, spoke best of God, and wrote best of Government.

Ver. 288. As reverencing this truth which tells us that this full discovery

was reserved for the Glorious Gospel of Christ, who is the IMAGE of God. 2 Cor. iv. 4.

Ver. 303. i. e. About the several forms of a legitimate policy.

Ver. 305. i. e. About the several modes of the Christian faith as explained and enforced by human Authority.

In Faith and Hope the world will disagree,
But all Mankind's concern is Charity:
All must be false that thwart this One great end,
And all of God, that bleſs Mankind or mend.

310

Man, like the gen'rous vine, ſupported lives;
The ſtrength he gains is from th' embrace he gives.
On their own Axis as the Planets run,
Yet make at once their circle round the Sun;
So two conſiſtent motions act the Soul;
And one regards Itſelf, and one the Whole.

Thus God and Nature link'd the gen'ral frame,
And bade Self-love and Social be the ſame.





EPISTLE. IV.

Of the Nature and State of Man, with respect to Happiness.

OH HAPPINESS! our being's end and aim;
Good, Pleasure, Ease, Content! whate'er thy name:
That something still which prompts th'eternal sigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die,
Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies, 5
O'er-look'd, seen double, by the fool, and wise.
Plant of celestial seed! if dropt below,
Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?
Fair op'ning to some Court's propitious shine,
Or deep with di'monds in the flaming mine? 10
Twin'd with the wreaths Parnassian lawrels yield,
Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field?
Where grows?---Where grows it not?---If vain our toil,
We ought to blame the culture, not the soil:
Fix'd to no spot is Happiness sincere, 15
'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where;
'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
And fled from Monarchs, ST. JOHN! dwells with thee.
Ask of the Learn'd the way, the Learn'd are blind,
This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind; 20

Some

Epist. IV. The two foregoing Epistles have considered Man with regard to the Means, that is, in all his relations, whether as an Individual, or a Member of Society; this last comes to consider him with regard to the End, that is, Happiness.

Ver. 6. O'er-look'd by those who place Happiness in any thing exclusive of Virtue; seen double by those who admit any thing else to have a share with Virtue in procuring Happiness; these being the two general Mistakes that this Epistle is employed in confuting

Some place the blifs in action, some in ease,
 Those call it Pleasure, and Contentment these;
 Some funk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain;
 Some swell'd to Gods, confess ev'n Virtue vain;
 Or indolent, to each extreme they fall,
 To trust in ev'ry thing, or doubt of all.

25

Who thus define it, say they more or less
 Than this, that Happiness is Happiness?

Take Nature's path, and mad Opinion's leave,
 All states can reach it, and all heads conceive;
 Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell,
 There needs but thinking right, and meaning well;
 And mourn our various portions as we please,
 Equal is Common Sense, and Common Ease.

30

Remember, Man, the Universal Cause

35

“ Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;”
 And makes what Happiness we justly call
 Subsist not in the good of one, but all.

There's not a blessing Individuals find,
 But some way leans and hearkens to the kind.

40

No Bandit fierce, no Tyrant mad with pride,
 No cavern'd Hermit, rests self-satisfied.

Who most to shun or hate Mankind pretend,
 Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend.

Abstract what others feel, what others think,
 All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink;

45

Each

Ver. 21. Those who place Happiness, or the summum bonum, in pleasure, Ἠδονή, such as the Cyrenaic sect, called on that account the Hedonic. 2. Those who place it in a certain tranquillity or calmness of Mind, which they call Ευθυμία, such as the Democritic sect. 3. The Epicurean. 4. The Stoic. 5. The Protagorean, which held that Man was πάντων χρημάτων μέτρον, the measure of all things.

6. The Sceptic: Whose absolute Doubt

is, with great judgment, said to be the effect of Indolence, as well as the absolute Trust of the Protagorean: For the same dread of labor attending the search of truth, which makes this latter presume it to be always at hand, makes the former conclude it is never to be found. The only difference is, that the laziness of the one is desponding, and the laziness of the other sanguine; yet both can give it a good name, and call it Happiness.

Each has his share ; and who would more obtain,
Shall find, the pleasure pays not half the pain.

ORDER is Heav'n's first law ; and this confess,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest,
More rich, more wise ; but who infers from hence,
That such are happier, shocks all common sense.

50

Heav'n to Mankind impartial we confess,
If all are equal in their Happiness :

But mutual wants this Happiness increase,
All Nature's diff'rence keeps all Nature's peace.

55

Condition, circumstance is not the thing ;

Bliss is the same in subject or in king,

In who obtain defence, or who defend,

In him who is, or him who finds a friend :

60

Heaven breaths thro' ev'ry member of the whole

One common blessing, as one common soul.

But fortune's gifts if each alike possess,

And each were equal, must not all contest ?

If then to all Men Happiness was meant,

65

God in Externals could not place Content.

Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,

And these be happy call'd, unhappy those ;

But Heav'n's just balance equal will appear,

While those are plac'd in Hope, and these in Fear :

70

Not present good or ill, the joy or curse,

But future views of better, or of worse.

O sons of earth ! attempt ye still to rise,

By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the skies ?

Heav'n still with laughter the vain toil surveys,

75

And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.

Know, all the good that Individuals find,

Or God and Nature meant to mere Mankind,

Reason's

Ver. 49. i. e. The first law made by the Creation, when God first appeased God relates to Order ; which is a beautiful allusion to the Scripture history of the disorders of Chaos, and separated the light from the darkness.

Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of Sense,
 Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Competence. 80
 But Health consists with Temperance alone,
 And Peace, oh Virtue! Peace is all thy own.
 The good or bad the gifts of Fortune gain,
 But these less taste them, as they worse obtain.
 Say, in pursuit of profit or delight, 85
 Who risk the most, that take wrong means, or right?
 Of Vice or Virtue, whether blest or curst,
 Which meets contempt, or which compassion first?
 Count all th'advantage prosp'rous Vice attains,
 'Tis but what Virtue flies from and disdains: 90
 And grant the bad what happiness they wou'd,
 One they must want, which is, to pass for good.
 Oh blind to truth, and God's whole scheme below,
 Who fancy Bliss to Vice, to Virtue Woe!
 Who sees and follows that great scheme the best, 95
 Best knows the blessing, and will most be blest.
 But fools the Good alone unhappy call,
 For ills or accidents that chance to all.
 See FALKLAND dies, the virtuous and the just!
 See god-like TURENNE prostrate on the dust! 100
 See SIDNEY bleeds amid the martial strife?
 Was this their Virtue, or contempt of Life?
 Say, was it Virtue, more tho' Heav'n ne'er gave,
 Lamented DIGBY, sunk thee to the grave? Tell

Ver. 79. This is the most beautiful paraphrase for Happiness; for all we feel of good is by sensation and reflexion.

Ver. 82. Conscious Innocence (says the poet) is the only source of Internal Peace, and known Innocence, of External; therefore, Peace is the sole issue of Virtue; or, in his own emphatic words, Peace is all thy own; a conclusive observation in his argument, which stands thus: Is happiness rightly placed in Externals? No; for it consists in Health, Peace, and Competence. Health and Competence are the product of Tempe-

rance, and peace of perfect Innocence.

Ver. 100. This epithet has a peculiar justness; the great man to whom it is applied not being distinguished from other generals for any of his superior qualities so much as for his providential care of those whom he led to war; which was so extraordinary, that his chief purpose in taking on himself the command of armies, seems to have been the preservation of Mankind. In this god-like care he was more distinguishably employed throughout the whole course of that famous campaign in which he lost his life.

Tell me, if Virtue made the Son expire,
 Why, full of days and honor, lives the fire? 105
 Why drew Marseille's good bishop purer breath,
 When Nature sicken'd, and each gale was death?
 Or why so long (in life if long can be)
 Lent Heav'n a parent to the poor and me? 110
 What makes all physical and moral Ill?
 There deviates Nature, and here wanders Will.
 God sends not ill; if rightly understood,
 Or partial Ill is universal Good,
 Or Change admits, or Nature lets it fall, 115
 Short, and but rare, 'til Man approv'd it all.
 We just as wisely might of Heav'n complain,
 That righteous Abel was destroyed by Cain;
 As that the virtuous son is ill at ease,
 When his lewd father gave the dire disease. 120
 Think we, like some weak Prince, th'Eternal Cause
 Prone for his fav'rites to reverse his laws?
 Shall burning Ætna, if a sage requires,
 Forget to thunder, and recall her fires?
 On air or sea new motions be imprest; 125
 Oh blameless Bethel, to relieve thy breast?
 When the loose mountain trembles from on high,
 Shall gravitation cease, if you go by?
 Or some old temple nodding to its fall,
 For Chartres' head reserve the hanging wall? 130
 But still this world (so fitted for the knave)
 Contents us not. A better shall we have? A

Ver. 110. This last instance of the poet's illustration of the ways of Providence, the reader sees, has a peculiar elegance; where a tribute of piety to a parent is paid in a return of thanks to, and made subservient of his vindication of, the Great Giver and Father of all things.

The Mother of the author, a person of great piety and charity, died the year this poem was finished. viz. 1733.

Ver. 121. Agreeably hereunto, holy Scripture, in its account of things under

the common Providence of Heaven, never represents miracles as wrought for the sake of him who is the object of them, but in order to give credit to some of God's extraordinary dispensations to Mankind.

Ver. 123. Alluding to the fate of these two great Naturalists, Empedocles and Pliny, who both perished by too near an approach to Ætna and Visuvius, while they were exploring the cause of their eruptions.

A kingdom of the Just then let it be :
 But first consider how those Just agree.
 The Good must merit God's peculiar care ; 135
 But who, but God, can tell us who they are ?
 One thinks on Calvin Heav'n's own spirit fell,
 Another deems him instrument of hell ;
 If Calvin feel Heav'n's blessing, or its rod,
 This cries there is, and that, there is no God. 140
 What shocks one part will edify the rest,
 Nor with one system can they all be blest.
 The very best will variously incline,
 And what rewards your Virtue, punish mine.
 " Whatever is, is RIGHT."---This world, 'tis true, 145
 Was made for Cæsar---but for Titus too :
 And which more blest? Who chain'd his country, say,
 Or he whose Virtue figh'd to lose a day?
 " But sometimes Virtue starves, while Vice is fed."
 What then? Is the reward of Virtue bread? 150
 That, Vice may merit ; 'tis the price of toil ;
 The knave deserves it, when he tills the soil,
 The knave deserves it, when he tempts the main,
 Where Folly fights for kings, or dives for gain.
 The good man may be weak, be indolent, 155
 Nor is his claim to plenty, but content.
 But grant him riches, your demand is o'er?
 " No---shall the good want Health, the good want Pow'r?"
 Add Health, and Pow'r, and ev'ry earthly thing ;
 " Why bounded Pow'r? Why private? Why no king?" 160
 Nay, why external for internal giv'n ?
 Why is not Man a God, and Earth a Heav'n ?
 Who ask and reason thus, will scarce conceive
 God gives enough, while he has more to give :
 Immense the pow'r, immense were the demand ; 165
 Say, at what part of Nature will they stand ?
 What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
 The soul's calm sun-shine, and the heart-felt joy,

Is Virtue's prize : A better would you fix ?
 Then give Humility a coach and six, 170
 Justice a Conq'ror's sword, or Truth a gown,
 Or Public Spirit its great cure, a crown.
 Weak, foolish man ! will Heav'n reward us there
 With the same trash mad mortals wish for here ?
 The Boy and Man an individual makes, 175
 Yet sigh'st thou for apples and for cakes ?
 Go, like the Indian, in another life
 Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife :
 As well as dream such trifles are assign'd,
 As toys and empires, for a god-like mind. 180
 Rewards, that either would to Virtue bring
 No Joy, or be destructive of the thing :
 How oft by these at sixty are undone
 The virtues of a Saint at twenty one !
 To whom can Riches give Repute, or Trust, 185
 Content or Pleasure, but the Good and Just ?
 Judges and Senates have been bought for Gold,
 Esteem and Love were never to be sold.
 Oh fool ! to think God hates the worthy mind,
 The lover and the love of human-kind, 190
 Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience clear ;
 Because he wants a thousand pounds a year.
 Honor and shame from no Condition rise ;
 Act well your part, there all the honor lies.
 Fortune in Men has some small diff'rence made, 195
 One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade,
 The cobbler apron'd, and the parson gown'd,
 The frier hooded, and the monarch crown'd.

H

“ What

Ver. 177. Alluding to the Example
 of the Indian in Epist. I. Ver. 99. and
 shewing that that example was not
 given to discredit any rational hopes of
 future happiness, but only to shew the
 folly of separating them from charity :

As when

-----Zeal, not Charity became the
 Guide,
 And Hell was built on spite, and
 Heav'n on pride.

“ What differ more (you cry) the crown and cowl ?”
 I’ll tell you, friend ! a Wise-man and a Fool. 200
 You’ll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
 Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,
 Worth makes the man, and want of it, the fellow ;
 The rest is all but leather or prunella.

Stuck o’er with titles and hung round with strings, 205
 That thou may’st be by kings, or whores of kings.
 Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,
 In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece ;
 But by your father’s worth if your’s you rate,
 Count me those only who were good and great. 210
 Go ! if your ancient, but ignoble blood,
 Has crept thro’ scoundrels ever since the flood,
 Go ! and pretend your Family is young ;
 Nor own, your fathers have been fools so long.
 What can ennoble fots, or slaves, or cowards ? 215
 Alas ! not all the blood of all the HOWARDS.

Look next on Greatness ; say where Greatness lies ?
 “ Where but among the Heroes and the Wise ?”
 Heroes are much the same, the point’s agreed,
 From Macedonia’s madman to the Swede ; 220
 The whole strange purpose of their lives, to find,
 Or make, an enemy of all Mankind !
 Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,
 Yet ne’er looks forward farther than his nose.
 No less alike the Politic and Wise, 225
 All fly slow things, with circumspcctive eyes :
 Men in their loose unguarded hours they take,
 Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.
 But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat,
 ’Tis phrase absurd to call a Villian Great : 230
 Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
 Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
 Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
 Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,

Like

Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
Like Socrates, that Man is great indeed. 235

What's Fame? a fancy'd life in others breath,
A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.
Just what you hear, you have, and what's unknown
The same (my Lord) if Tully's, or your own. 240

All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the small circle of our foes or friends;
To all besides as much an empty shade,
An Eugene living, as a Cæsar dead,
Alike or when, or where they shone or shine, 245
Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.

A Wit's a feather, and a Chief a rod;
An honest Man's the noblest work of God.
Fame but from death a villain's name can save,
As Justice tears his body from the grave, 250
When what t'oblivion better were resign'd,
Is hung on high, to poison half mankind.

All fame is foreign, but of true desert,
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:
One self-approving hour whole years out-weighs 255
Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas;
And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.

In parts superior what advantage lies?
Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise? 260
'Tis but to know how little can be known;
To see all others faults, and feel our own;
Condemn'd in bus'ness or in arts to drudge
Without a second or without a judge:
Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land? 265
All fear, none aid you, and few understand.

Painful preheminance! yourself to view
Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.
Bring then these blessings to a strict account,
Make fair deductions, see to what they mount. 270

How much of other each is sure to cost ;
 How each for other oft is wholly lost ;
 How inconsistent greater goods with these ;
 How sometimes life is risqu'd, and always ease :
 Think, and if still the things thy envy call, 275
 Say, would'st thou be the Man to whom they fall ?
 To sigh for ribbands, if thou art so silly,
 Mark how they grace Lord Umbra, or Sir Billy :
 Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life ?
 Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife : 280
 If Parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,
 The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind :
 Or ravish'd with the whistling of a Name,
 See Cromwell, damn'd to everlasting fame !
 If all, united, thy ambition call, 285
 From ancient story learn to scorn them all.
 There, in the rich, the honor'd, fam'd, and great,
 See the false scale of Happiness complete !
 In hearts of Kings, or arms of Queens who lay,
 How happy ! those to ruin, these betray, 290
 Mark by what wretched steps their glory grows,
 From dirt and sea-weed as proud Venice rose ;
 In each how guilt and greatness equal ran,
 And all that rais'd the Hero, sunk the Man.

Now

Ver. 281. 289. These two instances
 are chosen with great judgment; the
 world, perhaps, does not afford two other
 such. Bacon discovered and laid down
 those principles, by the assistance of which
 Newton was enabled to unfold the whole
 law of Nature. He was no less emi-
 nent for the creative power of his ima-
 gination, the brightness of his thoughts,
 and the force of his expression: Yet being
 convicted and punished for bribery and
 corruption in the administration of Justice,
 while he presided in the supreme Court
 of Equity, he endeavoured to repair his
 ruined fortunes by the most profligate
 flattery to the Court.

Cromwell seems to be distinguished in
 the most eminent manner, with regard
 to his abilities, from all other great and
 wicked men, who have overturned the
 liberties of their Country. The times in
 which others succeeded in this attempt
 were such as saw the spirit of liberty
 suppressed and stifled by a general luxury
 and venality: But Cromwell subdued
 his country when this spirit was at its
 height, by a successful struggle against
 court-oppression, and while it was con-
 ducted and supported by a set of the great-
 est Genius's for government the world
 ever saw embarked together in one com-
 mon cause.

Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold, 295

But stain'd with blood, or ill exchang'd for gold,

Then see them broke with toils, or sunk in ease,

Or infamous for plunder'd provinces.

Oh wealth ill-fated! which no act of Fame

E'er taught to shine, or sanctify'd from shame!

300

What greater bliss attends their close of life?

Some greedy minion, or imperious wife,

The trophy'd arches, story'd halls invade,

And haunt their slumbers in the pompous shade.

Alas! not dazzled with their noon-tide ray,

305

Compute the morn and ev'ning to the day;

The whole amount to that enormous fame,

A Tale, that blends their glory with their shame!

Know then this truth (enough for Man to know)

“Virtue alone is Happiness below.”

310

The only point where human bliss stands still,

And tastes the good without the fall to ill;

Where only Merit constant pay receives,

Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives;

The joy unequal'd, if its end it gain;

315

And if it lose, attended with no pain:

Without satiety, tho' e'er so blest,

And but more relish'd, as the more distress'd:

The broadest mirth unfeeling Folly wears,

Less pleasing far than Virtue's very tears.

320

Good, from each object, from each place acquir'd,

For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;

Never elated, while one man's oppress'd;

Never dejected, while another's blest'd;

And where no wants, no wishes can remain,

325

Since but to wish more Virtue, is to gain.

See! the sole bliss Heav'n could on all bestow;

Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know;

Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,

The bad must miss; the good, untaught, will find:

330

Slave

Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
 But looks thro' Nature, up to Nature's God ;
 Pursues that Chain which links th'immense design,
 Joins heav'n and earth, and mortal and divine ;
 Sees, that no being any blifs can know,
 But touches some above, and some below ;
 Learns, from this union of the rising Whole,
 The first, last purpose of the human soul ;
 And knows where Faith, Law, Morals, all began,
 All end, in LOVE of GOD, and LOVE of MAN.

335

340

For him alone, Hope leads from goal to goal,
 And opens still, and opens on his soul,
 'Til lengthen'd on to Faith, and unconfin'd,
 It pours the blifs that fills up all the mind.
 He sees, why Nature plants in Man alone
 Hope of known blifs, and Faith in blifs unknown :

345

(Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
 Are giv'n in vain, but what they seek they find)
 Wise is her present ; she connects in this
 His greatest Virtue with his greatest Blifs,
 At once his own great prospect to be blest,
 And strongest motive to assist the rest.

350

Self-love thus push'd to social, to divine,
 Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine.
 Is this too little for thy boundless heart ?
 Extend it, let thine enemies have part :
 Grasp the whole worlds of Reason, Life, and Sense,
 In one close system of Benevolence :
 Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
 And height of Blifs but height of Charity.

355

360

God loves from Whole to Parts : But human soul
 Must rise from Individual to the Whole.
 Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
 As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake ;
 The centre mov'd, a circle strait succeeds,
 Another still, and still another spreads,

365

Friend,

Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace,
 His country next, and next all human race,
 Wide and more wide, th'o'erflowings of the mind
 Take ev'ry creature in, of ev'ry kind ; 370
 Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,
 And Heav'n beholds his image in his breast.

Come then, my friend, my Genius, come along,
 Oh master of the poet, and the song !
 And while the Muse now stoops, or now ascends, 375
 To Man's low passions, or their glorious ends,
 Teach me, like thee, in various Nature wise,
 To fall with dignity, with temper rise ;
 Form'd by thy converse, happily to steer
 From grave to gay, from lively to severe ; 380
 Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,
 Intent to reason, or polite to please.

Oh

Ver. 373. *This noble Apostrophe, by which the Poet concludes the Essay in an address to his friend, will furnish a Critic with Examples of every one of those five Species of Elocution, from which, as from its Sources, Longinus deduceth the* **SUBLIME** *a*

1 *The first and chief is a Grandeur and Sublimity of Conception :*

Come then, my Friend! my Genius
 come along,

O Master of the Poet and the Song!

And while the Muse now stoops, and
 now ascends,

To Man's low Passions, or their glori-

ous Ends.

2 *The Second, that pathetic Enthusiasm: which, at the same Time, melts and inflames :*

Teach me, like thee, in various Na-
 ture wise,

To fall with Dignity, with Temper
 rise,

Form'd by thy Converse, happily to
 steer

From grave to gay, from lively to se-
 vere,

Correct with Spirit, eloquent with
 Ease,

Intent to reason, or polite to please.

a—πέντε πηγαί τιν' εἰσιν τῆς ὑψηλοῦς. 1. Πρῶτον μὲν καὶ κράτιστον τὸ περὶ τὰς νοήσεις ἀδρεπήβολον. 2. Δεύτερον δὲ τὸ σφοδρὸν καὶ ἐνθουσιαστικὸν παθῶν. 3. Ποιὰ τῶν σχημάτων πλάσις. 4. Ἡ γενναῖα φράσις. 5. Πέμπτη δὲ μηγέθους αἰτία, καὶ συγκλείεσθαι τὰ πρὸ ἑαυτῆς ἀπανηα, ἐν ἀξιώματι καὶ διάρσει συνδέσει.

Oh! while along the stream of Time thy name
 Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame,
 Say, shall my little bark attendant fail,
 Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?
 When statesmen, heroes, kings, in dust repose,
 Whose sons shall blush their fathers were thy foes,
 Shall then this verse to future age pretend
 Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend?
 That urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art
 From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart;
 For Wit's false mirror held up Nature's light;
 Shew'd erring Pride, **WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT**;
 That **REASON, PASSION**, answer one great aim;
 That true **SELF-LOVE** and **SOCIAL** are the same;
 That **VIRTUE** only makes our Bliss below;
 And all our Knowledge is, **OURSELVES TO KNOW**.

385

390

395

3 *A certain elegant Formation and
 Ordonnance of Figures:*

O! while along the Stream of Time,
 thy Name,
 Expanded flies, and gathers all its
 Fame,
 Say, shall my little Bark attendant
 fail,
 Pursue the Triumph, and partake the
 Gale?

4 *A splendid Diction:*

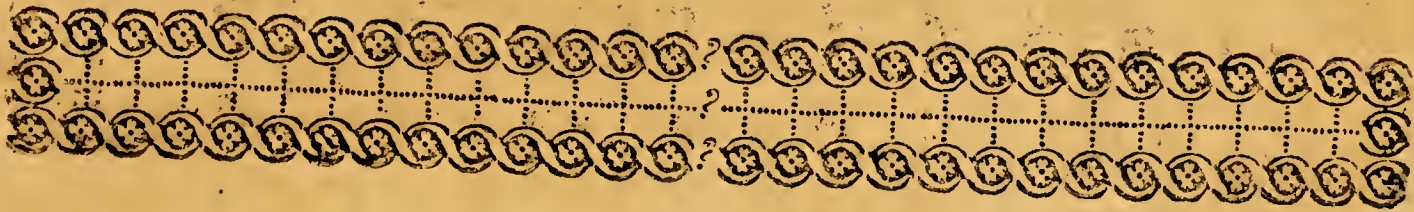
When Statesman, Heroes, Kings in
 Dust repose,
 Whose Sons shall blush their Fathers
 were thy Foes,
 Shall then this Verse to future Age
 pretend
 Thou wert my Guide, Philosopher,
 and Friend.

That, urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tune-
 ful Art,
 From Sounds to Things, from Fancy
 to the Heart;
 For Wit's false Mirror held up Nature's
 Light;

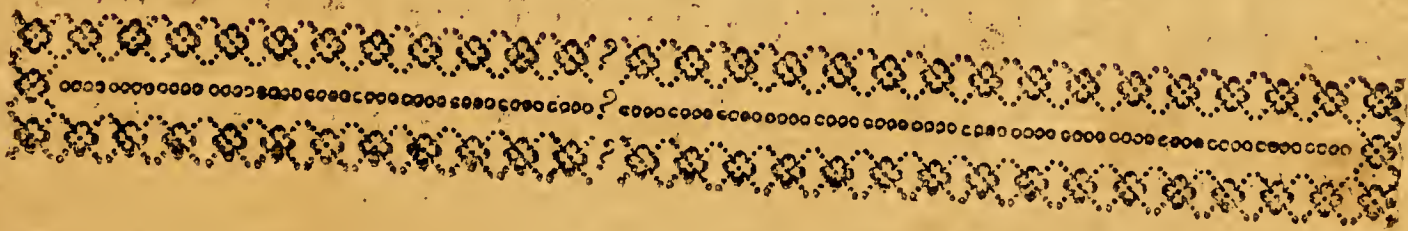
5 *And fifthly, which includes in it-
 self a Weight and Dignity in the Com-
 position:*

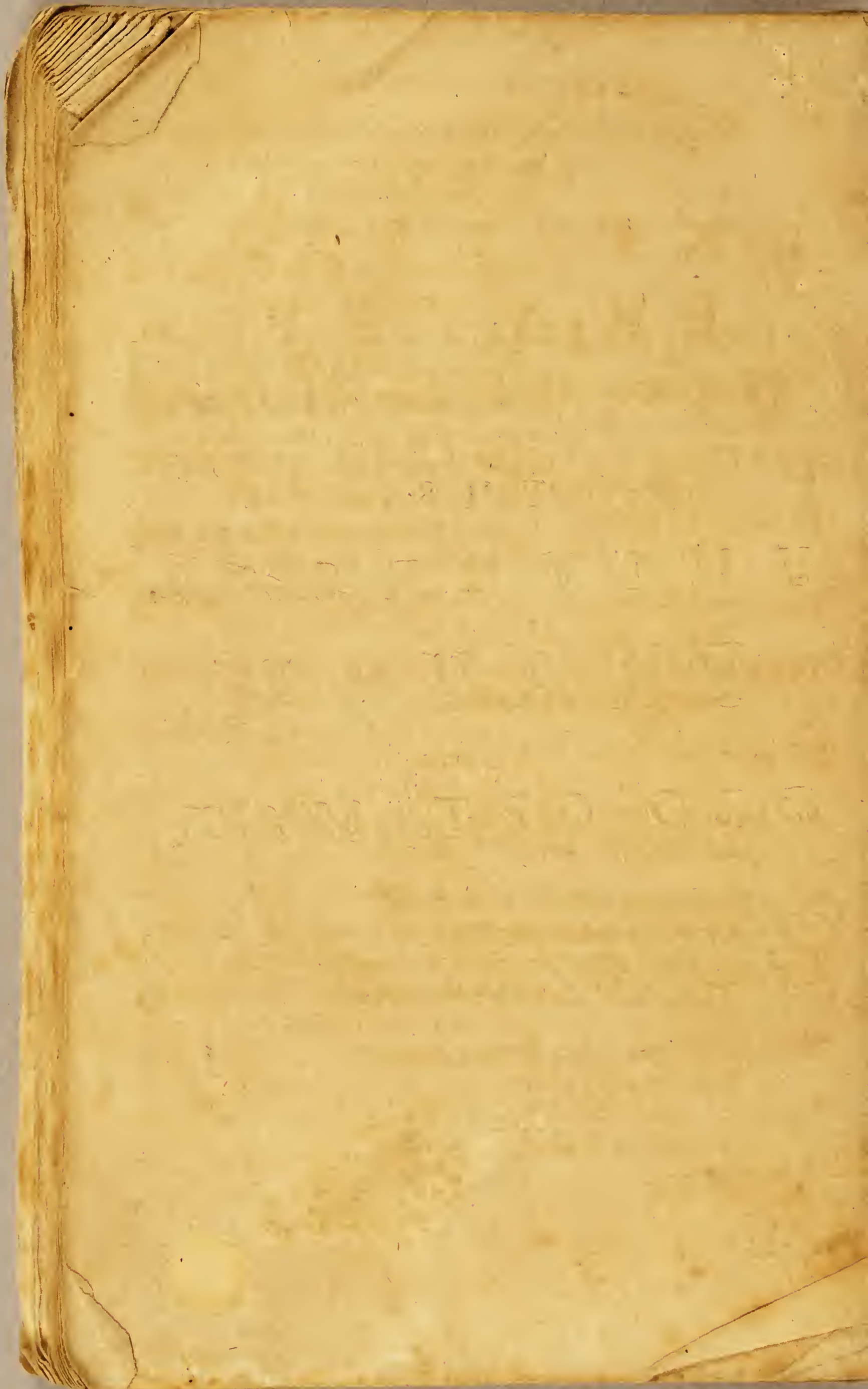
Shew'd erring Pride whatever is, is
RIGHT;
 That **REASON, PASSION**, answer one
 great **AIM**;
 That true **SELF-LOVE** and **SOCIAL**
 are the **SAME**;
 That **VIRTUE** only makes our **BLISS**
 below;
 And all our Knowledge is **OURSELVES**
TO KNOW?





THE
UNIVERSAL
PRAYER.
DEO OPT. MAX.







T H E
U N I V E R S A L
P R A Y E R.
D E O O P T. M A X.

FATHER of All! in ev'ry Age,
In ev'ry Clime ador'd,
By Saint, by Savage, and by Sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou Great First Cause, least understood;
Who all my Sense confin'd
To know but this, that thou art Good,
And that myself am blind:

Yet gave me, in this dark Estate,
To see the Good from Ill;
And binding Nature fast in Fate,
Left free the human Will.

What Conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than Hell to shun,
That, more than Heav'n pursue.

What Blessings thy free Bounty gives,
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when Man receives,
T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet

The UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

Let not to Earth's contracted Span
Thy Goodness let me bound,
Or think thee Lord alone of Man,
When thousand Worlds are round.
Let not this weak unknowing Hand
Presume thy Bolts to throw,
And deal Damnation round the Land,
On each I judge thy Foe.
If I am right, oh teach my Heart,
Still in the Right to stay;
If I am wrong, thy GRACE impart
To find that better Way.
Save me alike from foolish Pride,
Or impious Discontent,
At ought thy Wisdom has deny'd,
Or ought thy Goodness lent.
Teach me to feel another's Woe;
To hide the Fault I see;
That Mercy I to others show,
That Mercy show to me.
Mean tho' I am, not wholly so,
Since quick'ned by thy Breath:
Oh lead me wheresoe'er I go,
Thro' this day's Life or Death.
This day, be Bread and Peace my Lot:
All else beneath the Sun
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
And let thy Will be done.
To Thee, whose Temple is all Space,
Whose Altar, Earth, Sea, Skies,
One Chorus let all Being raise!
All Nature's Incense rise!

-29871-

April, 1946

Stevens

F I N I S.

D760

P825e

Found among the
papers of Dr Bray Gale
at 119 West St New York
by E. Simpson Gale
Oct 1862

